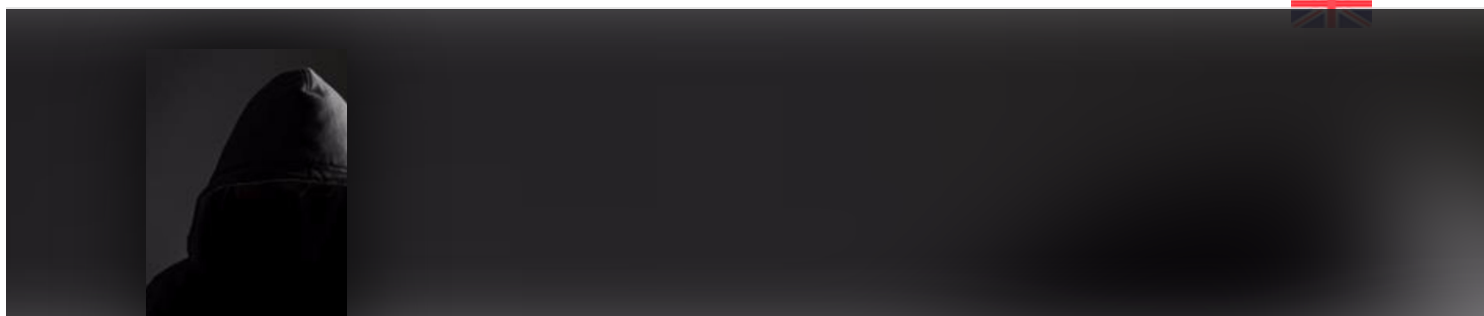




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# The Unknown



duuuuude

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## Chapter 1 by Elden

They watched me. Every single step. They suspected me, though I was innocent. Or was I? Multiple times I have escaped them. Multiple countries have me wanted.

I'm in hiding now. I move every week to keep suspicion down. They call me "The Rouge" or "The Traveler." The truth is, I don't know who I am.

All I know is the fact that my name is Kiki. Kiki Barouge.

## Chapter 2 by LethalPianist



Or is it? I don't remember. I don't remember much. Not the people I've killed, although I'm sure I have. Not the crimes I've committed, although I'm sure they were numerous. Not the places I've been, although I'm sure they were beautiful.

I don't remember anything. Not the people, not the scenes, not my family, not my history. The only thing I remember is Them. That they're always there. They're always just one step behind me. They're always just a little stronger than me. And every day, they get closer.

I don't remember, because then they would know who I am.  
And so will they.

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Chapter 3 by Elden



Why do I murder you ask? Why do I have to absolutely kill and rob people?  
I don't know. Did I commit those murders? It seems as if.

But there is a feeling in my brain rushing every single time I kill someone. It's revenge. Revenge for something that I can't seem to figure out. Whenever I see someone happy, licking a lollipop, or prancing around like a pony, I can't take it anymore.

I don't know where I am. Who I am. What I am. Why I am.

It just rushes through my brain, this feeling... but it's not revenge. Whenever I see someone crying because of me, it's not revenge...but sadness.

### Chapter 4 by Spirit



A sadness that blooms like a venomous flower. A sadness that blooms to rage, a rage that blossoms into murder. If I'm not happy, they can't be either. It's not fair. Not just. Even though I couldn't remember why I was this way, I was. I couldn't remember why they were after me, but they were.

All I could do was kill, and I was good at it too. The traveler, the murder prodigy. I had committed the most murders with my own two hands than anyone ever before me. There was the blood of hundreds . . . no, thousands on my hands. They had no idea how I did it, and to be honest I didn't either. I just knew that I killed, and I was impeccably good at it as well.

I would kill, over and over. I would kill them all before they would get to me. Even though they were getting stronger, I was still one step ahead of them. I'd kill them all. Every last one of the deranged souls that laced the face of the Earth.

### Chapter 5 by Elden



The person who probably inspired me the most was Lee Harvey Oswald. He secretly worked for the Soviet Union, he assassinated John F. Kennedy, and he didn't give a care. You see, i'm like him, but more ruthless and non-merciful.

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As I was looking for a place to land, my GPS picked up a signal from another plane, that was flying nearby. I decided to take a closer look.

It was a military plane, that was obviously trying to hide it's position because my radar sensors got all jumbled up. I hadn't made any kills that day, so I decided it was best just to shoot it down. I heard the screams of men and engine failure as the plane went down in flames.

The next day, I turned on the 70-inch plasma screen TV that I had stolen from this guy in L.A, but not before poisoning him. There was a important news report on channel 7, so I decided to flick it on that.

"Breaking News!!! The government has been working on a top-secret project that was apparently involving nuclear missiles!!!! Yesterday, 7:00 a.m, 8:00 a.m central time, there was a plane flying over Northern Korea containing the missiles when the plane was shot down by an attacker plane.

Almost everyone died, but during the fall, one man jumped out with a burning parachute and escaped just before the impact. His name was Ryan McLargor, and he seems to have the whole story..."

**FLICK** went the TV screen as I got up and decided to have breakfast. At breakfast, I made a decision. I was to hunt this Ryan McLargor and anyone who knew him. I started humming as I got up and poured myself some coffee.

## Chapter 6 by Nate



How can you get to Northern Korea from the middle of america? No biggie. I got hacks. Hacking skills that you have never seen before. E-corp has very, very basic firewalls to me at least. If you put every hacking group against me at a hacking contest against a massive firewall. I would be done days before them. Probably weeks.

I got all the money I'll need to kill this guy

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